

Mailbox

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Mailbox

by [Hambone](#)

Summary

Blurr delivers a suspicious package and ends up in a stranger's basement.

Notes

This hilarious request is from robotseverywhere on tumblr, based on a long conversation I had about a month ago concerning the subject. Thank you for requesting this and I hope you enjoy it!

Wiping condensation from his brow, Blurr parked his mail truck at the top of the street and began the next extension of his daily route. It was approaching noon, the dead summer heat taking full hold of the atmosphere as the sun approached its apex in the sky, and he was ready for the end of his shift. Thankfully, there was but one block left, and this just happened to be his favorite street.

Letters, letters, letters. His normal attitude towards his job was enthusiasm, but when he was so close to the end it became more monotonous than he'd have expected (even though he should have, as this was a daily experience for him). He was particularly excited today, though, because today his favorite resident was receiving a large and unexpected package.

Mr. Shockwave was a quiet bot, very old. Blurr doubted he had a very active life these days, because he seemed unusually excited to receive his daily mail. He rarely had any at first. Blurr had seen him a few times before, watering his lawn. It had taken months to realize he was a Decepticon because he had worn a sunhat and gloves that covered just about everything. It was only when he had first

waved to Blurr that he had noticed the single optic and the unusually long fingers.

A couple of years after Blurr began his route, the bot started receiving regular letters, occasionally packages. Some of what he received was very large, the kind of thing that had to be taken special order by the large truck drivers. When Blurr did hand him the mail, though, he had always been courteous and even sweet. It must be hard to live in the suburbs looking the way he did. Once they had begun interacting, though, the bot had been more than courteous to Blurr, offering him drinks and short conversations. It was clear he was lonely, even though he did try not to take up too much of Blurr's time, and Blurr felt there was no reason he shouldn't oblige the mech. After all, he was rather handsome. It wasn't exactly a chore.

Straightening his uniform, Blurr hopped up the steps to his porch, ringing the bell and preparing his signature form. He was so busy with that that he didn't even hear the door opening, looking up and suddenly finding himself face to non-existent face with the elderly resident.

"Mr. Shockwave! Package for you!"

He recovered from his shock quickly enough, although he could tell by the gleam in Shockwave's optic that he had noticed him jump. Handing over the clipboard, he again reached back to wipe his brow, the heat of the day making him glad for the regulation shorts on his uniform. It was just too hot to be outside right now.

"Blurr, always a pleasure to see you," Mr. Shockwave started, looking over the form curiously, "but I'm afraid I haven't ordered anything."

Blurr looked down at the package with some confusion.

"Well, the address and signature are all correct. Are you sure it wasn't a gift for you from someone you know or something because I know that can account for most unexpected packages!"

Mr. Shockwave hummed thoughtfully.

"You may be right. Would you mind helping me carry that into the inside so I can get my scissors?"

It was an obvious ploy to get Blurr to stick around, but he didn't mind. It wouldn't be the first time Shockwave had feigned weakness to squeeze a little extra conversation out of his mailman, but Blurr had seen him lifting objects twice his own weight on occasion. Besides, it was better than waiting for him to figure out what was in the box from the porch, the eaves of which trapped the summer heat like an oven. Lifting the package again, Blurr skirted around Shockwave as he politely held the door open and made his way to the kitchen.

Mr. Shockwave's house was sparsely decorated, a few plants here and there, lots of bookshelves. He had a large case filled with what appeared to be war medals in the living room, but Blurr had only ever gotten a passing glance as they walked by, never wanting to be too forward and ask himself. Thankfully, Shockwave's house was the last one on his route today and he was prepared for long conversation. Excited for it, even.

"Ah, here we are."

Returning to the kitchen just as Blurr deposited his box onto the clean tablecloth, Mr. Shockwave easily began slicing through the professional seal tape. Blurr permitted himself a seat, watching with some interest as the inside was carefully revealed. What kinds of things would be being sent to an old Decepticon veteran anyways?

Whatever it was, Mr. Shockwave saw it first. Blurr could never really gauge his reactions to

anything, what with there being no readable expression to analyze, but he could tell it must have been something interesting by the way the mech stilled.

“Ah. Hmm.”

“What is it?”

Blurr leaned forward in his chair, anticipating something bizarre and brilliant. Rather than answer him directly, Mr. Shockwave reached into the cardboard and pulled out the smaller box inside, placing it delicately on the table between them.

“...is that...?”

There was really no reason to ask, as the box made it clear enough. Proudly displayed in chrome detail was a large vibrating wand interface aid, the kind meant for external use only. The box itself included a clear window of plastic proudly displaying the real instrument in all its glory. Blurr swallowed thickly.

“Oh.”

“Indeed.”

Mr. Shockwave was decidedly less embarrassed by the discovery than Blurr.

“Well, I can certainly say I was not the one who ordered this.”

He paused, a claw slowly descending down his throat.

“Though I would not be disappointed if I was. It looks wonderfully useful, don’t you think?”

Blurr heated instantly, unsure if Mr. Shockwave actually knew what he was suggesting.

“Uhm, well, I suppose so I mean if, if you were the type to, uh, use that kind of thing, not that that’s bad-!”

“Calm yourself.”

Mr. Shockwave was suddenly very close, a hand resting on Blurr’s shoulder. It had the exact opposite effect of what he’d asked, of course, but Blurr tried his best not to actually scream in terror. Shockwave chuckled quietly.

“My apologies. I did not mean to startle you.”

He leaned down to look at Blurr’s face and the mailman froze, knowing it was impossible to hide how suddenly hot he was. Shockwave’s thumb piece rubbed circles on his shoulder.

“It’s, ah, it’s okay...”

The halting, useless pattern of speech felt so wrong on his tongue but he couldn’t force out more formed words, crossing his legs tightly in hopes Mr. Shockwave wouldn’t notice his blooming arousal.

“My, you’re stuttering.”

He pulled the box a little closer, not relinquishing his hold on Blurr for one moment.

“Is the idea of a little relaxation that foreign to you?”

Ducking his head, Blurr swallowed thickly.

“It’s not that I just...I mean it’s a little embarrassing to talk about this with you we don’t even know each other and I justprobablyshouldgo-!”

He tried to stand but Shockwave’s hold tightened, forcing him back into his seat.

“Now wait a minute,” he said, tone sloping into mild concern, “I don’t mean to make you think I intend to do something untoward.”

Breathing heavily, Blurr tried to get a grip on himself. Of course Mr. Shockwave wasn’t going to hurt him, he had never assumed that. He simply felt mortified to even be here, words fizzling into little static coughs from his vocalizer.

“No, I, I didn’t think that I’m just...”

“Hot?”

Blurr quailed at the unwavering gaze above him. Mr. Shockwave was right; he was hot, shaking almost, and in a final admittance of his problem his cooling fans activated full blast. The idea of interface and Mr. Shockwave, right here, reality, not a private fantasy, was making him light headed. He nodded quickly as an answer to the question, deciding that there was no way around it but full disclosure. He could lose his job for this, but he felt he would lose his mind if he didn’t take the chance.

“Yes, Mister Shockwave.”

A soft noise of affirmation and Shockwave was leaning in closer until his helm was nearly within kissing range. He had no mouth with which to reciprocate but Blurr still wanted to press his lips to that flat plane so badly. Shockwave observed him a long moment.

“Well, this may not be my order, but perhaps I can find some use for it yet.”

Blurr had hardly noticed him reaching for the package until it was in his lap, Shockwave opening it right there.

“Now wait a minute, wait, wait a minute sir!”

He did not wait, removing the vibrator and turning it over in his hands, dangerously close to Blurr’s face.

“Oh, do you *really* not want to play?”

He pulled back, taking the device with him.

“No!”

Blurr whirled in his chair.

“No, no! I mean, no, I don’t want you to stop I, I do want...I think...we hardly even know each other!”

The last part came out almost as a squeak, his voice cracking. Mr. Shockwave was crouched over by the floor, fiddling with the electrical outlet and the plug for the vibrator.

“We have seen each other almost daily for three years.”

“That’s different! That’s-that’s-that’s business!”

Mr. Shockwave stood and Blurr shrank, fearful and hopelessly aroused. He could have left had he wanted, gotten up and run out the door, but he didn’t. Shockwave reached the chair and stood high above him, watching.

“Do you want to leave, or do you want to stay? Which is it, Blurr?”

Blurr gaped.

“I...I...”

“Well?”

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Blurr gulped air.

“Please. Please, I want it.”

He was set upon so quickly that his locked up processor reeled. Mr. Shockwave wrapped one arm around Blurr’s chest, pinning his own to his sides, the other hand, the one holding the now armed device, swooping in and pressing between Blurr’s skinny thighs boldly. He squealed, shocked, as the bulbous head rubbed his panel, the stimulation coupled with emotional turmoil already making him wild.

“Good. I am *so* glad to hear it.”

Mr. Shockwave flicked a switch and the vibrator turned on. If the stroking had made Blurr squeal, the actual vibrations made him howl, high and reedy, echoing off the tin siding of his kitchen cabinets. The vibrator itself roared violently, a testament to its power, and before he could stop himself he was bucking his hips, though whether it was to press against or escape the sudden flood of sensation he could not fathom.

He squirmed, trying to free his arms, gripping the seat edge when he found it impossible and bracing himself against the rapid vibrating.

“OH-oh-Sho-*Mister Shockwave!*”

His shorts were bunching up around his crotch, the fabric adding a rough texture to the motions. Several warnings popped up in his vision, and he had to manually fight them down to keep his panel closed. More came to replace them soon after.

“Sir! Mister! Please, please! I, I can’t-!”

He bit his lip in an attempt to stifle another wailing moan as Shockwave flicked the setting higher, and every defense he had broke down, his panels parting and retracting, lubricants immediately soaking through his underpants. He thrashed his head from side to side, kicking his legs out as he tried to cross his thighs tight enough to dislodge the device, but it only pushed it harder against him and his swollen valve, now vulnerable behind a few measly layers of cloth.

“Shh,” cooed Shockwave, flicking the switch higher still, “shh, my dear.”

Of course this did nothing to silence Blurr, and he flailed all the harder, though now it was less in an attempt to escape and more just to express how intensely violent the pleasure coursing up his

circuitry was.

“Oh, Mister Shockwave!” he gasped, helm lolling as he panted wetly.

“Oh Mister, it’s so good, I, I, I’m so wet, ahh-!”

He was, the lubricants now staining a sizable spot on the front of his shorts. He could feel the bulb tilting at just the right angle to follow his movements, always finding his external node even though neither of them could see it, squeezing him tight until his calipers were clenching hard on nothing, dripping lubricant all over Mr. Shockwave’s nice chair.

Shockwave nuzzled against his neck, reveling in the heat and the squirming and the rich smell of his mailman’s valve. He was not fighting the hold he had around his arms anymore, though he still tried to jump away from the stimulation when it got too powerful, too hard against his delicate nodes.

“What a pretty sight you make,” he whispered, and Blurr arched his back, or tried to, screaming behind gritted teeth.

“Will you cum for me?”

The question was asked in such a pretty tone Blurr could have cried, whining long and high as his hips forced themselves harder against the device. Shockwave continued nuzzling him, the arm restraining Blurr soothing gentle rings around his waist, and he shot straight as a rod, a thin cry escaping his throat as he overloaded. It was fast and messy, his hips lifting fully off the chair as he used Shockwave’s strength to his advantage, contracting and holding himself there until the shudders passed.

Collapsing into the sticky puddle of his own making, Blurr sighed deeply, vents opening to pour steam out around them. Shockwave released him, watching quietly as Blurr came back to himself.

“That was...t-that was...”

“Very enjoyable,” Shockwave hummed, stroking hand down Blurr’s crest and making him shiver, “but I can’t help but notice you’ve ruined your shorts. What a dirty little thing you are.”

Blurr baulked at the accusation, wanting to retort but finding Shockwave’s condescending tone only made his valve pulse with renewed interest.

“I’m not dirty, that’s an unfair thing to say I mean you are the one who made me, made me dirty in the first place!”

Realizing what exactly he had said he immediately slapped a palm to his mouth, optics blowing wide. Mr. Shockwave chuckled, setting the now unplugged vibrator on the table.

“I have a washer and dryer in the basement. As it is my fault, like you say, I will take responsibility and clean your uniform for you.”

Blurr nodded sharply, embarrassed all over again as he realized it meant he would have to actually remove his clothing now. He had just overloaded in front of the bot, moaned and dripped everywhere like a whore, but he hadn’t been *naked*. That was just...his spark whirled.

“Well?”

“Thank you very much, Mister Shockwave, that would be very kind of you.”

On wobbling legs he stood, jumping when a hand descended heavily on his shoulder again and allowing himself to be guided towards the stairs. They were nice enough looking, wooden and clean with a little purple rug leading all the way down. The basement was dark, as expected, and he held on to Shockwave tightly, guiltily enjoying the feel of his hardened body through his sweater vest, the occasional brush of his slacks against Blurr's bare (and wet) thigh.

"One moment."

Shockwave patted him on the shoulder then disappeared into the darkness. Blurr could hear him moving around and shifted uncomfortably, the cold air below ground making his shorts suddenly noticeably damp and sticky. There was a soft click and then light poured into the room, several bulbs hanging from the ceiling illuminating everything.

"The washing machine is right over there," said Shockwave, gesturing, but Blurr was not paying attention, jaw having dropped the moment his optics adjusted.

There was indeed a washer and dryer in the corner, but the rest of the room was taken up by a large variety of equipment that could only be used in one discernable way: kinky, horribly, degradingly hot interface. Blurr was mortified, especially because his valve gave another demanding throb at the sight. How many years had he handed this bot little packages thinking they were gifts from an old friend or something similarly innocent when in reality they were instruments of intimate designation? How many times had he sat in the very kitchen he'd just cum in and thought Shockwave was just another lonely old soul in need of comfort?

Edging around the room, he pressed his back against the washing machine as if expecting an attack. Shockwave seated himself on a soft looking chair by the stairs, crossing his legs diplomatically and nodding calmly.

"Go on."

It was then that Blurr realized he was expected to strip. He also realized that, whether or not he really wanted to do it, his hands were already moving, as if by themselves, to unbuckle his belt. He shook, terribly, but as Shockwave watched him he felt himself again begin to burn, his valve putting forth another small burst of fluids into his ruined pants as he began to unbutton his shirt. Shockwave hummed appreciatively and he could have melted into the flooring right there.

"I've never don't this kind of thing before," he stammered, pulling his shirt down around his waist, "I mean I've never even engaged in anonymous interface, not that I think it's a bad thing but most people are off put by my talking and I don't like to put myself in positions where I'd get many propositions anyways I guess, but this is so, I just feel so dirty, doing this, here, when I'm supposed to be on the job!"

Shockwave shrugged lightly.

"Do you regret it?"

Blurr undid the button on his shorts with shaking fingers.

"No."

Bending over as slowly as he could, Blurr pulled his pants to the floor. His panel had never closed, both by choice and because there was too much mess and cloth in the way, danger of catching or sticking too real. Now, though, it served another purpose, his valve lips, swollen from raw contact, bright and gleaming in the low light. Pushing back against the machine for balance, Blurr kicked his

crumped uniform off his feet, not allowing one twitch of Shockwave's servo to go unnoticed. He was watching.

He actually did his laundry then, putting his soiled clothes into the machine, a half cup of detergent, setting the dials. He was well aware of the stare on his back, the way that every shift of his hips exposed him a little to the mech behind him. He half tried to ignore it, hoping this little glimmer of power over Shockwave would bring him back to his normal self, and half reveled in it, knowing full well that he was beginning to lubricate again just because Shockwave was there.

He had always liked being appreciated.

"I'm afraid it will take some time for the full cycle to be completed," Shockwave drawled, leaning back a bit as he unabashedly eyed Blurr's exposed body. Stifling the urge to cover himself, Blurr stiffened.

"I know."

"What kind of a host would I be if I did not offer to entertain you while you wait?"

Shockwave stood, taking a few steps forward to lightly rest his hand on the point of a vault with what appeared to be leg straps at the bottom. Blurr sucked in a shuddering gasp of air.

"Not a very good one, I guess, Mister Shockwave."

"Not a very good one indeed."

He raised a hand, curling a claw in slow beckoning strokes. Leaving his safe perch against the washing machine, Blurr stumbled forward, not stopping until he was a few feet away from Shockwave. He was cold and vulnerable, shifting from foot to foot as he waited for Mr. Shockwave to give him some reassurance, some command. He needed direction.

Instead of saying anything, Mr. Shockwave came for him, pulling Blurr's naked body against his own in a calming hug.

"There we are."

Blurr wrapped his fingers into the sweater vest, his face only just reaching Shockwave's chest. He smelled cold and clean, like cleanser and very fine oil. He remembered, with some reluctance, catching whiffs of his host before, sipping lemonade on the porch or enjoying a bit of small talk just inside the foyer. He had always tried to distance work from pleasure but it seemed that somehow the two things simply refused to stay apart.

Mr. Shockwave took one hand off of Blurr's back, and he paid it no mind until it came crashing back right on his aft.

"Sir!"

With a yelp he was alert again, jumping forward even though he had nowhere to go to escape the second strike. Shockwave stepped away looking pleased with himself (or at least Blurr was sure that was what he was feeling, the smug bastard) to watch as Blurr rubbed his backside dourly.

"Well then, shall we begin?"

As sour as being spanked during a formerly tender moment had made him, Blurr had nothing negative to say to that. Not that he had much time to retort. Like a force of nature, Shockwave came

down on him, pushing him face first at the hobble so he was bent awkwardly onto it and shoving a hand between his legs from behind. He was too comparatively short to make the position comfortable, leaning not quite half over it. A singular thick claw rubbed down the cleft of his valve, stirring against his external node nub in a way that made his thighs shake anew.

Huffing out thick air, Blurr enjoyed the sensation, curving his hips out into Shockwave's palm, but the moment he did the hand pulled away and he received another harsh smack. Yelping he tried to push away from the hobble but Shockwave's other hand returned to the center of his back, forcing him to stay pressed against it as he spanked him again.

"I did not say you could move."

Blurr grumbled, half a moan, and relaxed as best he could. Shockwave's claws massaged his aft a moment, testing to see if he'd again try to rebel, but when he did not simply resumed stroking his valve. Though he wouldn't admit it, the short show of dominance had gotten Blurr even wetter than before and now Shockwave's fingers came away slick with lubricant. Testing the viscosity between his forefinger and thumb, Shockwave purred.

"Hold still."

Blurr expected something more to come but instead was surprised by the weight on his spinal strut lifting. Shockwave was walking away from him, rounding the hobble and moving to one of the cabinets in the far corner. Enthralled by the display of power, Blurr actually followed orders. He liked the idea of being told what to do, even if it clashed with his want to appear independent. In the context of pleasing Mr. Shockwave it sent tremors through his spark, and even as he watched he felt a small trickle of hot lubricant run down his thigh.

The cabinet was opened and inside was revealed a plethora of various interface aids, each more wicked looking than the last. Blurr could hardly tear his optics away, salivating. How many other people had Mr. Shockwave had down here? He didn't want to seem jealous but he was, wondering if he would experience more or less than those before him, if Shockwave was just happy to have a warm body around.

All thoughts vanished when Shockwave turned back to him holding several intimidating false spikes.

"Mister Shockwave?"

His voice trembled but his valve clenched, anticipation making his thighs ache to squeeze something between them. Mister Shockwave had such thin hips; they would feel so good to wrap his legs around...

"My, so easily lost in fantasy?"

Shockwave smoothed a palm over his aft again, just grazing his valve lips from behind. Blurr jumped, yelping.

"I-I wasn't fantasizing I was just- what are you going to do with those anyways?"

A swift and unfortunately weak cover, but Mr. Shockwave just chuckled.

"Again, moving without permission. I really think you want to be punished."

Swallowing thickly, Blurr stared up at him, optics wide as the second moon. Neither of them had to speak to realize that Shockwave's words were very, very true. Humming a pleasant tune, Shockwave turned through his selection of spikes a moment before setting them down and producing

a small roll of cord from his pocket.

“You will have to excuse my lack of more appropriate equipment, I was not expecting guests.”

As if on cue, Blurr presented his wrists, a criminal waiting to be cuffed. Shockwave snorted in amused approval.

“Thank you.”

Blurr wanted to speak again but bit his tongue. He had already witnessed the consequences of his actions twice and was working his way up to a third reprimanding. He really did not need to make things that much worse. Or, perhaps, he did.

“What are you going to do to me, Mister Shockwave?”

He wriggled back and forth, allowing his hands to be bound but moving too much to make it easy. Shockwave glanced up at him, the single slit of his optic contracting. It wasn't clear whether he was angry or not but it sent a thrill up Blurr's spine anyways.

“Many things.”

He pushed Blurr back against the block, this time facing outward. His wrists were already tightly wound together, though he didn't try much to release himself. His spark whirl as Shockwave turned, picking up the largest of the false spikes, knobbed and gently curved. It turned even harder when he reached into the pocket of his slacks again and drew out a small corded egg vibrator.

“Starting here.”

Blurr did jerk away this time when Shockwave approached, though he didn't get far. As caught up in the fantasy as he was, every few clicks he was reminded of how insane this situation was becoming and he was rushed by both desire stemming from that reality and fear. Shockwave paid his apparent nerves no kind, though, holding his bound wrists above his head and rubbing the egg against his nub.

Bucking into the touch, Blurr hissed. He didn't try to close his legs around it again, already knowing how useless the maneuver would be, but his distress must have been fairly clear because Shockwave slowed his movements slightly, presenting a kinder, more open set of physical signals. It did not discourage his insistent rubbing though, sliding the vibrator through the steadily growing mess of lubricant between Blurr's valve lips.

“Mister Shockwave I-!”

“How many times must I tell you,” Shockwave drawled, “do not speak unless you are told.”

His hand twisted and two thick fingers shoved inside Blurr, unprepared but soaked enough to make it only mildly uncomfortable. There was something else too, the egg vibrator. Shockwave's claws were long and sunk all the way to the back. He jumped, crying out, but Shockwave held him fast, pulling his fingers out quickly but leaving behind the vibe.

Blurr stammered, as if he were going to speak again, but Shockwave was back on him, sliding the thick false spike between his thighs, and he was in no position to protest. This time he was more prepared for the blunt intrusion, even if it still burned. He looked directly into Shockwave's optic, not so much defiant as strong. He could take this. It had been his choice. He would not let his impulsivity and nerves force him out of a good thing again. Mr. Shockwave was a kinky old freak but he was harmless.

He hoped.

Torn from his thoughts but a sudden jump in Shockwave's wrist, Blurr opened his mouth to pant. The false spike pushed up inside him until it hit the back, the egg snugly lodged between its head and his anterior node. Holding it there, Shockwave took a moment to spread his fingers out and pinch his valve lips, spread wide, massaging them gently. Blurr stared up at him, waiting for the next step in their game.

He did not expect it to involve Shockwave reaching down around his waist and bodily lifting him off the ground. Unable to help himself he shrieked, kicking out in no particular direction.

"Wait a klik what are you doing Mister wait wait-!"

His questions were answered within the moment when he was placed down quite soundly onto the vault. The point was sharp enough to grind against his valve top even with the base of the spike pushing further back. He clutched his bound wrists to his chest ventilating hard as he tried to recover from the onslaught of sensory input but Shockwave was already moving again, grabbing his ankle and pulling it down into the strap Blurr had noticed earlier.

He was tied down and it put so much pressure on his valve it hurt. *Deliciously*. Shockwave stood to his full height, grabbing Blurr's wrists away from his face and catching the cord on a hook hanging from the ceiling. Stretched out like this, he was more vulnerable than he'd ever been before in his life. The basement air felt unusually cold against his burning plating, particularly when Shockwave leaned in and ran a cool hand across his bare stomach, nuzzling his chest. His spark whirled.

"You look so beautiful like this," he murmured, massaging Blurr's thighs with both hands. Blurr quailed from his intense gaze, unable to hide the trickle of lubricant that was beginning to travel down the vault. He felt so full, like his stomach would burst, and every minute movement brought to light the entire sensory net of his valve lining.

"Until today I was too wary to address it," Shockwave continued, pulling away to appraise him, "but I have wanted to see you like this for a very long time."

Remembering his orders, Blurr did not reply, but he shifted a little, vents stalling a moment at the shock of pleasure the action brought. There was a slow moment of silence, the sound of the washing machine behind him the only noise in the dark basement. Then, Shockwave picked up the little remote wired to the egg inside him.

"I must say, you exceed my expectations."

He flicked the switch and Blurr could not keep silent, unable to jump but bending forward as much as he could with a cracked yelp. Trapped between the false spike and his back wall, the egg sent vibrations all the way down the other toy, crushing against his anterior node with such powerful force he wanted to scream. It was both too much and not enough, the jump of his weakly bucking hips too little movement to release charge, only build it. And build it did.

Shockwave watched him intensely, engine purring just loud enough to be heard across the clamor of electrical buzzing and Blurr's short, jagged whines. He hardly moved, the slit of his pupil tracing up and down Blurr's frame like a physical touch. Under loved and overstimulated, Blurr lurched as if he could escape the pulsing welling inside his body, electricity already beginning to spark from the juncture of his thighs. Shockwave moved to his side, slipping a small strip of tape across the vibe control and patching it to Blurr's leg with idle care.

"Mmm, I should probably clean up your little accident in the kitchen before it stains."

Even with the distraction of being stuffed and strung up like a roast Blurr managed to be indignantly surprised.

“M-Mister Shockwave! You aren’t seriously going to leave me like this!”

His host was already making his way to the stairs.

“Why shouldn’t I? I would rather not have to reupholster my furniture.”

“But-but-but Sir!”

Blurr lurched and again was lost in a momentary shower of sparks from his throat as he shrieked, the movement too much. Another overload was approaching fast and he could hardly stand it, the idea of simply being ignored in the lower level of the house while Mr. Shockwave tidied up. His spark leapt as Shockwave turned back to him, considering.

“You’re right; I cannot leave you like this.”

With three long strides he was back at Blurr’s side, reaching to where the false spike trembled against the vault. Blurr wriggled, excited for release, to be taken down and finally see what was under Shockwave’s slacks, but when the claws met their target it was not what he expected. Instead of releasing him, Shockwave adjusted a small switch on the bottom of the device, next to the magnetic clamps, and Blurr felt an immediately change in the flow of his energies, although he could not exactly pin down what it indicated. Shockwave answered the unspoken question.

“A charge lock. I wouldn’t want you to wear yourself out while I’m busy.”

With that he was retreating once again, steadying himself on the guard rail as he ascended back into the house.

“A-a charge lo-Shockwave, sir! Waitwaitwait you can’t leave me down here like this I-I-I-!”

The door to the basement shut with a soft click.

“I have rights!”

It did not change a thing and he was now alone with nothing but the rumble of the washing machine and the incessant pounding of his own spark. Struggling was fruitless, though he did try, this time with real effort as opposed to his surprised flailing earlier. All he accomplished was moving the toys around inside himself until he was nearly crying, pressure building in his stomach like a damn about to break.

But break it wouldn’t. The charge lock did exactly what it claimed: it blocked him from expelling excess energy. This meant no overloads, no relief in sight, certainly not when he could hardly move to scratch an itch, much less apply himself to the task of achieving release. Toys like this were dangerous, overheating a real possibility if used incorrectly, and being left alone and unsupervised made Blurr nervous enough already without the added pressure of possible damage, of being left on the painful edge of cumming for cycles on end while Shockwave did whatever he pleased in the house above.

Every second spent alone might as well have been an hour. He could hear nothing from above, the roar of his cooling fans more than enough to fill his receptors. He wanted to call out to Shockwave, beg him for some kind of mercy, but the idea of shouting in a stranger’s house felt wrong, even in the current circumstance. He could not struggle, he could not escape, he could hardly breathe without feeling the toys inside him shift. worse still, this only managed to make him run hotter, left strung up

and vulnerable to anything while Shockwave pursued his mundane life, there to be used not when he demanded it but when Shockwave did, at his full disposal.

There was another question though, a darker fear, swirling deep in the back of his processor, trying not to be seen. He did not know Shockwave, not really. He knew he had seemed kind, that he extended his generosity to a menial service worker on a semi-normal basis. He knew that he had been in the Third Great War and that he had apparently been decorated during that time and was now retired. None of this meant anything at all in the grand scheme though, because he had known all these things for years and yet he had never picked up on the slightest hint of lewd intentions upon his person, that this seemingly lonely old mech was harboring a well-kept BDSM dungeon in his basement. Blurr had allowed himself to be captured by a stranger and now he was helpless to stop him no matter what he had planned.

It should have scared him more than it did. Straining not to move, not to think, he rolled his head back on his shoulders and just panted, cycling air through his systems as calmly as possible. He could not stall himself fully though, and when Shockwave finally returned he was covered in steaming condensation, lubricant so hot it burned his inner thighs as it painted viscous pearlescent trails down the side of the vault.

“You really are a messy thing, you know.”

He stood at the foot of the stairs a moment, observing. Blurr whined.

“Now that you’re here I-I-I would really like to...”

He couldn’t bring himself to say it just yet, biting his lip and looking away. Shockwave was beside him more swiftly and silently than he would have thought possible, a claw tilting Blurr’s chin to face him.

“What is it you want?”

Shockwave purred the question, the deep sound resonating through Blurr’s entire chassis and making his spark swell.

“Would you like to cum again?”

Blurr nodded frantically in his grip but Shockwave was not swayed.

“Say it.”

“I- no! I don’t have to- this is so- so embarrassing! You just want to embarrass me!”

His words stumbled and fell flat, the result of both his nerves and Shockwave’s thumb moving down to circle his nub slowly.

“Well, that wasn’t exactly the point, but it certainly is an added benefit.”

He pinched Blurr’s node and Blurr squealed.

“I-I won’t say it! You’re just trying to make me feel...” Hot? Ashamed? Wild with desire? Because all of those things and many more were true of it. He was embarrassed by the command, yes, but in truth he wanted to goad the bot who had taken control of him so casually. Even knowing that it was likely a bad idea.

“You really are determined to rustle me, aren’t you?”

Shockwave sniffed.

“I doubt you will succeed, but, by all means, continue giving me reasons to play with you.”

Blurr swallowed dryly. It was hard to speak through the violent rushes of electricity up his pelvic array, stomach buzzing and valve throbbing.

“Do you need any more than you already have?”

His legs were pulled out of the straps, arms still bound high but loosened without the pull of the vault beneath him. Shockwave grabbed Blurr’s hips and tilted them up, gazing down at the raw mess between his legs.

“I suppose I don’t.”

Tenderly, he pulled the false spike free, a flood of lubricant pouring out after. Blurr shuddered with the catch of every node against his own. He wasn’t sure if it felt better or worse to be empty, the smaller vibrator remaining at the back of his valve, working away. Blurr could hardly stand when he was placed on the floor, knees shaking uncontrollably. Even though his chronometer only read that it had been fifteen kliks since he was left to his own limited devices, his legs, unused to stillness, might as well have been trapped for a millennia, sore and lifeless.

“This way.”

He didn’t really have a choice but to follow, a strong set of hands on his shoulder propelling him forward. The vibrator bounced with each step and he keened, reaching back to tug Shockwave’s sweater vest in desperation. He could feel the tape on his leg slipping as his condensation soaked frame continued to produce steam, the egg itself dipping lower. It was only few steps but the path was torture.

“Having difficulties, my dear?”

“D-don’t be so casual.”

Blurr didn’t mean to sound bitter but he knew he was being teased and he knew his quivering shoulders and sobbing gasps were a dead indicator of how much he loved the demeaning nature of his treatment but he could not stand to admit it. He could not stand to lose himself completely.

He wanted to, though, badly.

“I will be as casual as I please. This is my home.”

Without warning he lifted Blurr off his feet again, and this time the mailman was too tired to struggle, too desperate to do anything but choke out a cloud of steam as he was set back down again onto a line of rope.

“WH-what is this?”

Shockwave loosened his shoulders languidly.

“A test. You perform adequately and perhaps I will grant you an overload.”

Both indignant and horribly aroused, Blurr wearily looked up through his optical lids.

“Will you?”

He sounded pathetic, but he was pathetic, filthy and naked in a stranger's basement.

"I will."

Shockwave took note of the peeling tape on Blurr's thigh, grasping the wire and tugging experimentally. Of course, the other end was still far inside Blurr, humming dimly through layers of metal and mesh.

"First, though, I'll be taking this."

Another jerk of the wire and Blurr stumbled forward, trying to follow the harsh tugging before it became too much. Shockwave's height pulled it up between his valve lips, cutting against the folds, hugging his nub. The vibe moved lower, stinging, pressure rising at the mouth of his valve. He crossed his knees, rubbing his wrists against his chest.

"Sh-Shockwave-!"

With a wet pop it was loose, swinging down with a spatter of liquid on the concrete. Blurr choked.

"There."

Shockwave produced a small rag from his pocket, wiping the device down while Blurr regained his mind, as scattered as it was, folding up the cord and setting it down on the chair beside him. Relieved, but only just, Blurr pushed his hands down on the rope between his thighs.

"This is...what is this?"

"I told you," said Shockwave, "a test."

He grabbed a section of the rope near where Blurr's hands rested, pulling up sharply enough to make his ventilations hitch.

"All you have to do is walk."

Were the circumstances different Blurr would likely have objected to the idea that anything could be this simple, but Shockwave was so close to him now, the heat from his frame wafting over onto Blurr's already stifled plating, and he could not find it within himself to argue.

"Where to?"

Shockwave huffed a short puff of air, something like a small laugh.

"Straight across the room. You must follow this path." Another tug at the rope.

"Just once?"

"Just once."

Blurr inhaled deeply and exhaled equally so, steadying his mind.

"I will assist you, do not fear."

The smugness in his tone did nothing to assuage Blurr's apprehension and he looked away, anxious.

"Okay."

Removing his hands as prompted, Blurr took a step forward, then another. The rope was uncomfortably taught, roughly pressing against his valve. No amount of lubricant could disguise how prickly it felt either, half tickling and half stinging, his already raw mesh hyper sensitive to the unpleasant sensation. He paused and Shockwave sighed.

“Now, where is that speed you always brag about?”

Blurr squeezed his optical shutters down hard.

“Th-hiis is just weird feeling, tha-HA-tsa all-!”

There were knots placed periodically through the rope’s lining and his next step took him right over one. If the straight line had felt disagreeable, the knot was unbearable, clipping against his nub hard enough to make him just and squeak, thighs once again trying to close.

“Do not stop.”

Shockwave smacked his aft lightly, revisiting his earlier pummeling of the area and reminding Blurr how little punishment his small backside could take.

“Okay, okay, o-OH-kay!”

The hand remained on his plating, not pushing or pulling but waiting, ominous, and it urged Blurr on better than any words could. His feet felt heavy and cumbersome, as if he would trip and fall over himself with only the slightest misstep. He had been so close on the vault, held back by the charge lock only, and now that it was gone he was desperate to finally overload, to have Mr. Shockwave touch him, but this exercise was not enough and he had to bite his lip hard enough to just to keep himself from begging.

When he was about half way across the room he felt as though he were going to faint.

“Mister...”

“Keep going.”

He did, but his back hunched, helm falling forward.

“You do wish for my approval, do you not?”

Another few feet. Blurr bit into the knuckle of his index finger.

“My approval, and all the merit that comes with it.”

His spark lurched, his chest feeling too small and tight to contain how bright it glowed. He was sure Shockwave could see it, peeking between his seams, reaching out for contact. The ending point was so close though, the wall across the room growing larger with each careless tread.

“Would you like me to spike you, Blurr?”

Shockwave’s helm was near, neck sloped low so he could whisper cool air into Blurr’s receptor.

“I can bend you over the chair and take you right here, until your legs can no longer support you.”

Blurr moaned weakly, Shockwave’s claw tracing dangerously low between his legs.

“But you can hardly stand as it is. Perhaps on the floor then, like a dog. Do you think you belong

there, Blurr? An animal in heat?"

He did trip then but Shockwave caught him, crooning softly. Blurr heaved his chest, struggling on, nodding breathlessly at every word that left Shockwave's vocalizer.

"Careful, now, careful. You really are needy, aren't you? So consumed you can hardly-"

"OHPRIMUSsirpleasepleasepleaseplease no more games no more tricks I just-ohpleaseMisterohplease!"

Without another word Shockwave swept him off his feet and into a bridal hold. Blurr swung his arms, still bound at the wrist, around Shockwave's neck, kissing and nuzzling at his helm and antenna, shaking. They moved fast, Shockwave's long legs liberating them from the basement, back into the dim corridors of the house, through a hallway Blurr had never seen before and into a bedroom.

He was deposited on the bed with little grace but could hardly care less, reaching up for his patron, spreading his legs. Shockwave yanked the cord off his wrists as if it had been made of paper, stripping off his own vest and shirt in a clean movement. The bed was soft and white, Blurr could smell the sweet dust of down in the comforter. As Shockwave drew down the draw of his slacks, he almost felt bad for how ruined it would be in a moment.

Mr. Shockwave was painfully thin, as if someone had taken a shorter man and pulled him out like taffy. Though he moved quickly, he disrobed with a kind of grace Blurr had never seen in an erotic context, certainly not imagined the older mech was capable of. When he pulled down his pants he released his spike, dark and thick, and Blurr squirmed.

"Hurry, sir, hurry!" he hissed, reaching down to part his valve with trembling hands.

He was on him in an instant, nudging Blurr's hips upon his thighs, stroking down the side of his face. It was fast but not sloppy, tender, his gaze changed so much within the past few clicks. Blurr wrapped his legs around Shockwave's waist, drawing them closer, raw.

"Please," he hugged himself to Shockwave's chest, "please."

Flattening them both to the bed, Shockwave thrust inside. Blurr's entire body pulsed, a slow hot wave, and he moaned high and thin, grasping at Shockwave's back, the material rough and foreign. His spike was larger than the toy had been, ridged and angled sharply, and he wasted no time adjusting because Blurr was already as open and willing as he would ever get. At this distance Blurr could actually hear him breathe, hear the small sighs of pleasure as he moved their hips together.

It was quick and calm, Blurr just clinging, not minding for once that he was held immobile. Compared to the cold basement, the pillows were soft and warm, Shockwave unnaturally cool above him. They rocked, the bed moving with them, and when Blurr finally did cum it was long and hard, toes curling, back bending. Shockwave groaned.

"Oh, Blurr."

It was soft and unexpected, heat flooding out of Blurr's pelvic array and onto the crisp blankets. Blurr smoothed his fingers along the tread like armor on his shoulders, smiling widely as his optics flickered offline.

"Mister Shockwave..."

"You are always so formal with me," said Shockwave, rolling to lie beside him, "I do like that."

It took them a while to recover. Shockwave traced small patterns up Blurr's arm when they rested. Blurr stared at him with large, drooping optics, more sated and exhausted than he could ever remember being. Shockwave's chest rose and fell slowly, more slowly than seemed natural, the ravages of age only just visible in his movements and the slow thrum of his spark.

"I should go..." Blurr mumbled, not moving.

"I never clocked out. They're going to think I skipped."

"Doubtful, my dear."

Shockwave curled his arm closer around Blurr, tugging them hip to hip.

"Well...would it be alright if I stayed then, sir?"

Blurr glanced at Shockwave through his eyelids, suddenly nervous. They hardly knew each other.

"Of course."

From down the hall, the washing machine timer beeped, but neither of them moved to attend to it. For now, they were comfortable.

"So it really was you who ordered that- that thing?"

Shockwave had already powered down his optic.

"Hmm?"

"The...in the kitchen?"

"Oh," Shockwave shifted, "no, it wasn't."

Blurr sat up on his elbows, optics wide.

"Wait, what?"

Shockwave pulled him back down.

"Well, " he muttered, "it's mine now."

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